

THE ARMY'S POETS

IN THE ENGINEERS

If it's work you would be doing
Such as ties in need of hewin',
Till yer back is jes' one ruin,
Join th' Engineers.

Tell the trees an' get from under,
Chute th' logs without a blunder,
Work th' whole day jes' like thunder,
In th' Engineers.

Work like hell a-diggin' ditches,
Layin' track or settin' switches,
(An' yer pay sure ain't no riches),
In th' Engineers.

Even when th' rain is pourin',
An' you hear the big guns roarin',
Jes' go right on with yer chorin',
In th' Engineers.

If you hear th' motor hummin',
On a Boche plane that is comin',
Don't stop work for fear of bombin',
In th' Engineers.

Night time comes, an' things that's creepin'
In a tent that's sort of sleepin',
Ain't no bother, you're so sleepin',
In th' Engineers.

Sometimes, too, you may be driven,
When the best you've got you're givin',
Still, th' life is shore worth livin',
In th' Engineers.

VANCE C. CHISS, — ENGR.

SONG OF A SEASICK SOLDIER

Oh, the poets may sing of the billowing sea,
But give me the land for mine,
With the feel and the smell of the good
warm earth.

Far away from the scent of the brine!
The beauty there is in the wind-beaten
foam
Is mocked by the sting of the spray,
And can never compare with the flower-
bedded ridge
That gleams in the light of the day.

This wide watered waste of boundless
domain
To some is majestic and grand,
But the scenes that I love are the home-
dotted plains,
And the valleys and hills of the land.

To me there's no music in roaring sea
storm,
In the sweep of the winds o'er the sea,
For the lilt of the song that's attuned to
my soul

Has the notes of the land, not the sea!
CAPT. ARTHUR G. GANER,
Co. A, — ENGINEERS.

DOUGHBOY DOPE

I've heard that talk about Democracy,
An' a lot more o' this here high-brow stuff,
I'm here to say it mostly got past me,
But, I know we gotta call the Kaiser's

Ho started somethin' that we gotta stop,
We're all in the same puddle here in
France,
Tommy, Froggie, Ozzie, Yank an' Wop . . .
Or Fritz is hidin', an' we gotta dance,
Because,

I gotta dame, an' she's awaitin' there
For me to do the Kaiser's tout de sweet,
An' believe me, he, I'd not be anywhere
With her, if we should happen to get beat.
O' course, that couldn't happen. Just the
same,

This Fritz'll take some cleanin', an' I
know
We gotta fight like hell, an' play the
game.

The sky's the limit in this all-star show,
I've seen a lot o' things I'd rather not
Remember when I've got back home again;
Things I don't want to happen round the
spot.

Where my girl is. You see, I can't explain
Just how I feel . . . but they can talk a
book.

About them treaties, terms, indemnity,
(but me, I've come across, an' took a look . . .
They can patch them up when Fritz is
through with me!

Because,
I gotta girl back there at home, an' we
are figurin' on fixin' up some day.
A little home for two, or maybe three,
An' Fritz ain't hidin', there's
hell to pay.

We gotta fix him he can't come back,
I want my kids to talk United States;
Our job's to run this Dutch-stuff off the
track . . .

An' damn the man that crawls, or
hesitates!

OUR SERVICE FLAG

We want a place for our Service Flag,
For the Service Flag on America,
We looked in vain to find a place,
In all the world there wasn't space.

So we borrowed the sky and lung it wide
Over the world from side to side,
And when the world is dark at night
Our stars are shining clear and bright.

They tell the world as they glow and gleam,
While other nations may pause to dream,
That America sends from her treasure
store
Millions of men and will send more.

So many are going—that is why
our Service Flag we borrowed the sky—
and it is on high—it never shall drag,
made America's Service Flag.

CROSSES

Each life must have its crosses,
And a soldier gets his share,
From a trip across the ocean
To the envied Croix de Guerre.

There are crosses by the censor,
Far too many, so it seems;
There are crosses in the letters
From the girls of his dreams.

There's a cross that's worn by heroes
Who have faced a storm of lead,
There's a cross when he is wounded,
There's a cross when he is dead.

There's an iron cross awarded
For murder and for rape;
It's the emblem of the devil,
It's the cross of sin and hate.

There's the little cross of Mercy
That very few may own;
For a soldier it is second
To the cross of God alone.

It's a cross that's worn by women—
When we see it we believe
We can receive an angel
By the Red Cross on her sleeve.

Pvt. HARRY H. ST. LOUIS, U.S.M.C.

GRANDPA'S STORY

Gather, my children, come to my knee;
What is this object which you can see
Standing so close to Grandpa's canteen?
Aren't you surprised? It's only a bean!

Only a bean, but, my, what a lot,
Trillions, I guess, which Uncle Sam got
Cheap for his Army over in France,
Parsée and Alsace, Tours and in Nantes.

Beans for the Army, Navy beans, too,
Beans on the potato, beans in the stew,
Beans on the transport, beans on the shore,
None of us hoped to get any more.

All of the beans weren't such as you see
Here as a relic (dished out to me
Once in a chow line, far, far from here,
Search in your "jogfry," look near
"Anjeer").

Some of the beans were white, like the
snow,
Many were brown and tasted like dough;
Others were red, but none that I knew
Ended the cheer of Red, White and Blue.

Then there were round beans, lima beans,
too,
Beans from Brazil and beans from Peru,
String beans in cans, baked beans in pans,
Beans on the docks and beans in big vans.

Only this bean have I from the bunch
Sent to the trenches, sent as my lunch,
This little bean was picked from my tin,
Put in my gun and shot to Berlin.

Bill, the big Kaiser, slept in his bed,
Hag went the bean—and Willie was dead.
(Hit in the head) and no German bean
Ever shall shatter a peace so serene.
FRANCIS X. COTTELLAN, M.A.B.

AFTER THE MAN EATERS



Sing a song of cooties,
Shirts all full of them,
Ain't no bother, you're so sleepin',
From collar-band to hem;

When the neck is opened
It sure gives you a shock—
Ain't it a pretty mess
To set before the Doc?

THE POOR, BOOB
OR
A PRIVATE'S ROMANCE

A TRAGEDY IN ELEVEN INDORSEMENTS

From: Pvt. 1/c Edward Bangs, Inf. A.P.O. 701, A.E.F., May 1, 1918.

To: Miss Elizabeth Jones, Pawtucket, R.I.

Subject: Emotions of Pvt. 1/c Bangs.

1. They've just made me a first class private and I guess that means they're awake at last, and I'll be a lieutenant or captain or something by the time this reaches you.

2. Say, Bess, I wish you'd fix it up somehow to come over here on a visit and marry me. I suppose you'd wait for me anyway, but I'd feel better if I was making you an allotment. I'll say I would.

3. Borrow some money from your old Aunt Hattie. No one need know why you're coming over unless Lt. Snub, the censor, goes and squeals, the big stiff.

1st Ind. Lt. Marmaduke Snub, Inf., A.P.O. 701, A.E.F., May 3, 1918.—To Miss Elizabeth Jones, Pawtucket, R.I.

Forwarded: The journey directed is unnecessary in the military service.

2nd Ind. Miss Elizabeth Jones, Pawtucket, R.I., May 20, 1918.—To Miss Harriet Jones, Hotel Biltmore, N.Y.C.

1. Forwarded for compliance with Paragraph 3. Five thousand would do nicely.

2. Isn't it grand he's going to be a lieutenant or captain or something?

3rd Ind. Miss Harriet Jones, Hotel Biltmore, N.Y.C., May 23, 1918.—To Miss Elizabeth Jones, Pawtucket, R.I.

Returned, requesting information as to whether Miss Elizabeth Jones has taken leave of her senses.

(No incl.) Miss Elizabeth Jones, Pawtucket, R.I., May 25, 1918.—To Major Blank, Red Cross, Washington, D.C.

Forwarded, inviting attention to mean old third indorsement. Miss Elizabeth Jones will take leave of her senses if she cannot get to France somehow right away.

2. The early return of these papers is desired.

5th Ind. Benevolent Blank, Major A.R.C., Washington, D.C., May 28, 1918.—To Miss Elizabeth Jones, Pawtucket, R.I.

Returned requesting information as to whether Miss Jones would care to accept post as secretary in Home Communication Service, Paris Bureau, A.R.C.

6th Ind. Miss Elizabeth Jones, Pawtucket, R.I., May 31, 1918.—To Major Blank, Red Cross, Washington, D.C.

Returned. I'll say she would.

7th Ind. Benevolent Blank, Major A.R.C., Washington, D.C., June 3, 1918.—To Miss Elizabeth Jones, Pawtucket, R.I.

Returned, directing Miss Elizabeth Jones to report to 126 East 37th Street, N.Y.C., on June 6 for overseas service.

8th Ind. Miss Elizabeth Jones, Pawtucket, R.I., June 5, 1918.—To Pvt. 1/c Edward Bangs, A.P.O. 701, A.E.F.

1. Forwarded, inviting attention to preceding indorsements.

2. Oh, Eddie, I look too sweet in my uniform!

3. Look for me at the Madeleine July 1.

9th Ind. Pvt. Edward Bangs, June 25, 1918.—To C.O. (Through Military Channels)

Forwarded, requesting leave to go to Paris from July 1 to July 9.

10th Ind. 1st Sgt. Jack Neasey, June 25, 1918.—To C.O.

Forwarded, approved. This soldier has been no doggone use around here since receipt of 8th indorsement.

11th Ind. C.O.—th. Inf., June 25, 1918.—To 1st Sgt. Jack Neasey.

Returned, disapproved. It is directed that this soldier be put on K.P. from July 1 till further notice.

ANNEX IS ADDED TO LONDON CLUB

More Sleeping Accommodations for Officers of American Forces

The American Officers' Club, at 9 Chesterfield Gardens, W. 1, London, has proved so popular that an annex is being fitted up in a neighboring building to provide much-needed additional bedroom accommodations.

The club is a distinct success among American officers either stationed or passing through London. The weekly gatherings are always addressed by prominent men, and one of the recent speakers was General Smuts.

Some famous musical organization, such as the band of the Scots or some other regiment of the British Guards, provides entertainment on the club's musical evenings.

WILLING TO FIND OUT

The following conversation is vouched for.

"What," inquired the captain of a certain A.E.F. infantry company of a private in his company, "is the name of your company commander?"

"I don't know, sir," replied the private, "I'll ask the sergeant. I've only been with the company a little over a month."

HED SEEN THEM ALL

"I see," said Corporal Bilkins, looking over the top of his newspaper, "that Secretary Baker says there are more than 500,000 Americans in France."

"That's nothing new," said Private Wilkins. "There's more M.P.s than that."

FIRST BALL GLOVE
IS MADE IN FRANCE

Bat Shortage Can Be Remedied by Enterprising Manufacturer

U-BOAT SINKS EQUIPMENT

Goods Worth \$30,000 Lost When Liner Oronsa Was Torpedoed

Score another run for France. A French manufacturer has made a baseball glove—a fielder's glove, to be exact—working from specifications and blueprints furnished him by the Y.M.C.A.

For you might as well know the truth first as last. The shortage of athletic equipment is serious. And if any of you are still laboring under the delusion that the German is a nice, kind, sweet animal, not particularly harmful unless poked with a stick and to be guided into a bad temper only by having sneeze powder blown into his face, then let it be known that when the liner Oronsa was torpedoed some weeks ago, \$30,000 worth of baseball paraphernalia, intended for your use, was lost.

Out of the necessity thus provided arose the invention of the fielder's glove a la française. A leather goods manufacturer was found who was willing to try anything once, and the result was a product that would have been a credit to an American sporting goods house that had not been in the business 30 years. There is only one thing tactically wrong about the new glove—the thumb and forefinger are held together, not by the customary piece of leather, but by a mere cord.

While the cord is strong, it is a question whether it will stand up under the hot line that sooner or later is going to come up against it.

French Woodworkers This Way

The greatest shortage in equipment is the lack of bats. Everything from spokes to tree limbs is now being used, and where units are lucky enough to have a real bat, it is screwed together and tied together and clamped together every time it threatens to crack under the strain.

If you want to know what unpopularity is, get up to the plate with the only bat in 100 kilometers, smash out a homer, and crack the bat doing it.

But there's a remedy. Bats are easy to make, if you have the wood and the machinery—an ordinary turning lathe. So if any enterprising French wood turner will write to THE STARS AND STRIPES, a contract will be placed in his hands that will keep him busy as long as there's an American Army in France. No hand carving, no filigree, just plain, honest wagon tongue—those are the specifications.

Must Have Bats

For we've got to have bats. And it would be easier to have them made here than to wait for another shipment to replace those lost with the Oronsa.

On the shores of some far island in the Atlantic, where a chance fishing boat or

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